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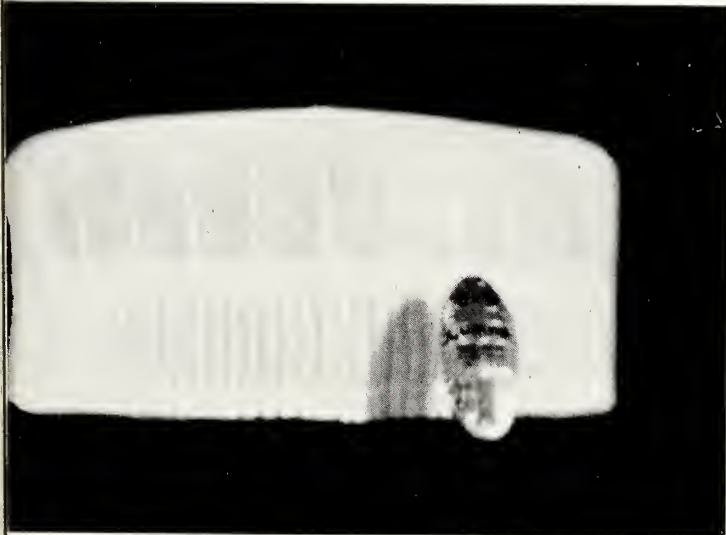


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CAP AND CROSS



ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL OF NURSING

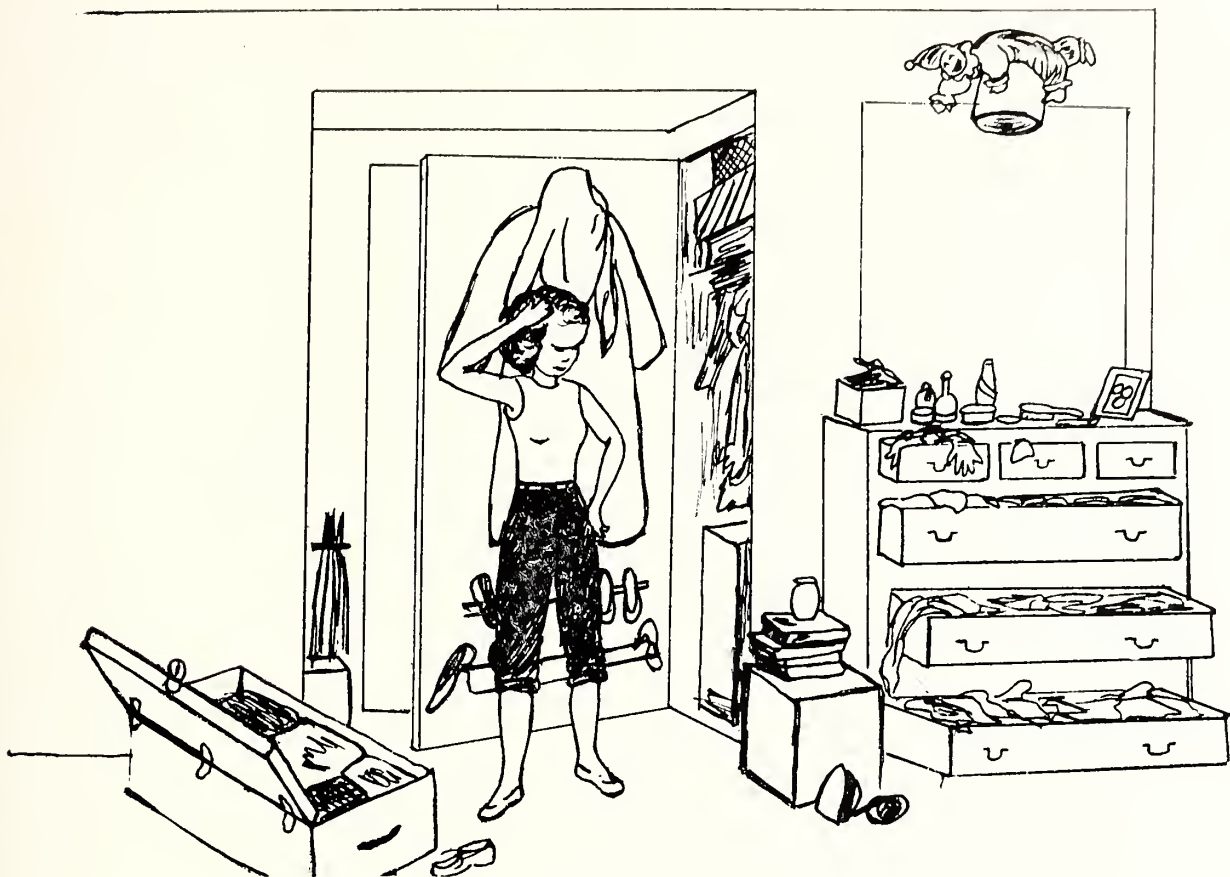
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS

DEDICATED



*to Dr. Charles Shannon
and Dr. Alvin Morrow*

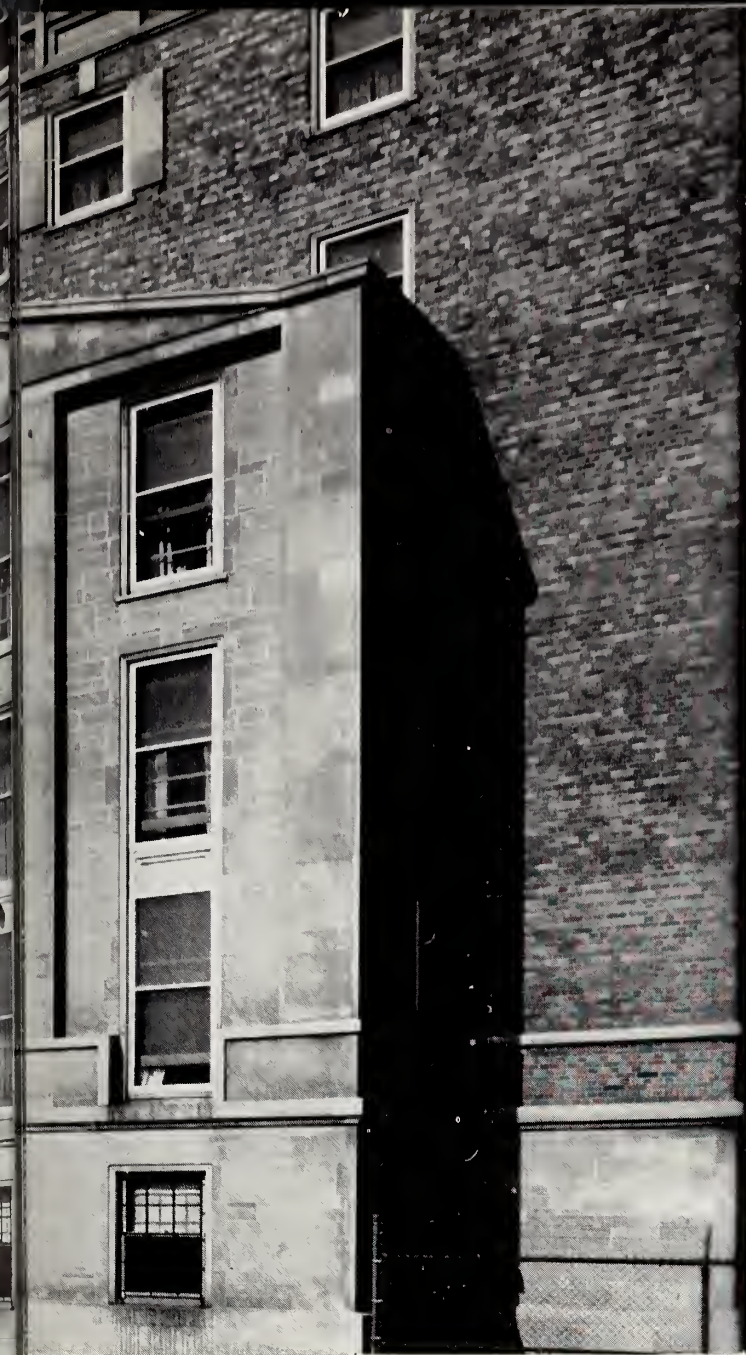
whose friendship, understanding and generosity have encouraged and inspired us. We are most grateful for the sincere interest they have had in us and for all they have done to make our training a pleasant and rewarding experience.



Golly, it seemed so easy bringing all of this stuff into Schweppe—
Remember that first day? Strained smiles, palpating hearts,
trunks, relatives, confusion—



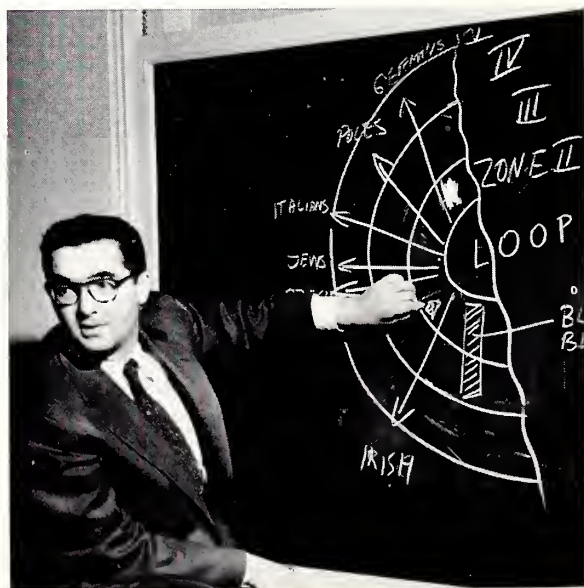
Coming through the big black door at 1500 Indiana, we were greeted by members of our big sister class and taken to meet Mrs. Bell, who graciously welcomed us to our new home.





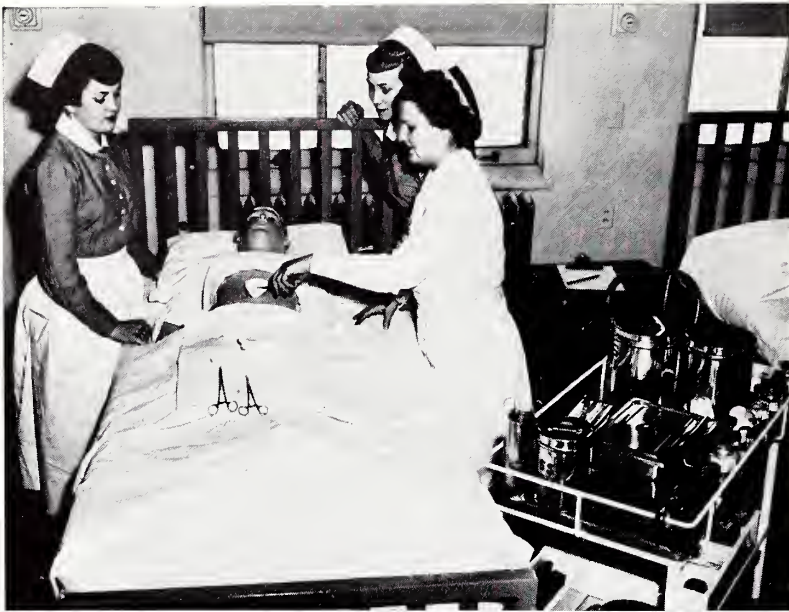
Then we were taken to the Nutrition lab where smiling Miss Roberts handed us an ominous appearing stack of books. There was even more confusion when we arrived in our rooms — silently we wondered, “who gets the top bunk,” “do I have to share the closet,” and who has the tin dresser?” After we’d settled these problems, we were led through a maze of tunnels where we got our first taste of the “home cooking” at the St. Luke’s Cafe.

The next day dawned and all of us crowded onto the elevators, and we went to Main 13 (Can you ever forget those elevator operators?). We immediately liked Miss Molbo who was the epitome of kindness and understanding and soon put us at ease. Then we sat for three days, getting our physicals and sizing up our classmates.



All too soon classes began—headaches also—Remember chem lab and anatomy lab? All those dissections? Can you ever forget the cat and learning to pithe a frog. Wonder how our instructors managed to survive! I still don't know the difference between the various kinds of agar, a gram positive or gram negative organism, and please don't ask me the origin of the pyramidalis muscle.



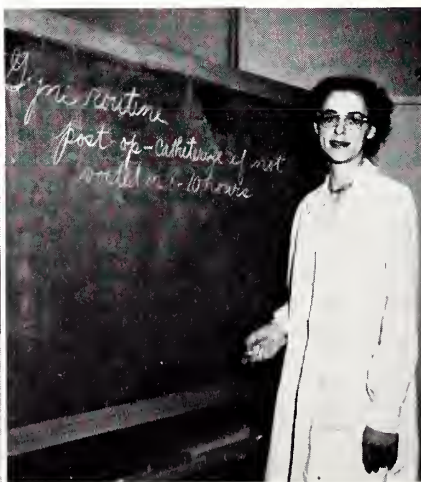


Nursing Arts classes gave us some idea of the work we would be doing—which caused many to turn pale. Did you flunk your first S.A.T. evaluation too? Remember the bed baths, catheterizations, enemas, and horrors the “hypos?” and how valiently Mrs. Mauksch directed, guided, pushed, urged, bullied, and cajoled us through “Principles of Nursing Arts”? Her sense of timing was almost perfect.

Miss Howle was the cool, calm, collected one with a dry sense of humor and insight that was often embarrassing—“I always used to wash my hands too while I tried to think of what came next.” This blunt observation brought a hot red blush to our cheeks.

The first time we saw Miss Pettijohn in uniform, we decided she was modeling the Probie cap—but she soon set us straight on that!

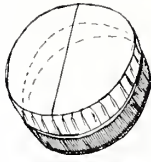
Miss Comstock had an infectious smile which we were always relieved to see when we got in a tight spot in an evaluation. Her smile and quiet encouragement set many a Probie at ease.



Our evenings as probies were usually spent studying — seemed as though we were always having finals. When quiet hours were over at 9:30, we released a lot of energy and caused the eyebrows of Mrs. Anderson to vibrate precariously. We all wondered who would get the first proctor mark, and worse yet, the first infraction! It was quite a struggle trying to sneak by with some extra milk for that P.M. nourishment; and getting rid of the evidence, (i.e., the empty cartons) was always a problem. Note: Cartons of milk are not to be left on the outside window ledge!



THE CAP



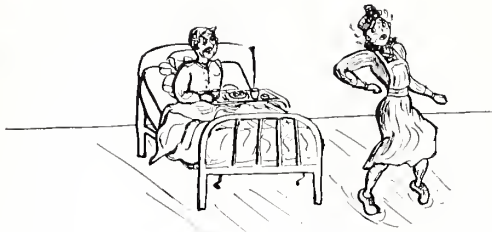
Toward the end of our probie period, things seemed bleak. The finals seemed endless and the tension was climbing, "Will I pass?" "What will I do if I don't pass?" Then suddenly one Friday afternoon we found ourselves in the chapel wearing a precious organdy bonnet—Capping, which had seemed so remote, and come upon us so suddenly that the passing of the FIRST great milestone had an air of unreality. This experience is one of the most precious we have.



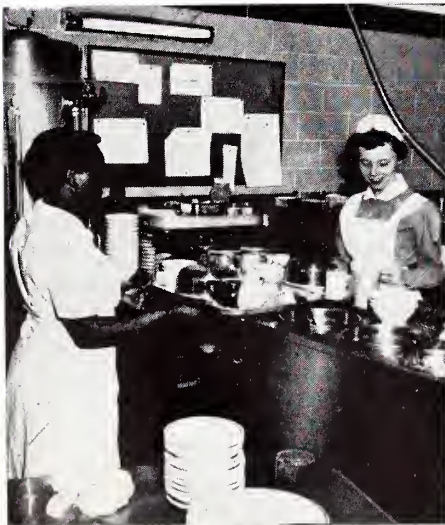
The aura of unreality didn't last long however. The following Monday morning it was a shock to discover that we were actually responsible for the total care of the patients assigned to us. The assignments got bigger and bigger and oh, how we worked! Splits usually meant we worked from 7 A.M. to 2 P.M. and 3:30 P.M. to 8 P.M., and we wondered if there would ever be a day when we got off on time.

Classes were heavy, too—do you remember the doctors' lectures in medical diseases? Dr. Roskelley's blood dyscrasias were baffling, and Dr. Hedblom always knew just which questions to ask—the ones we couldn't answer! Dr. Meredith, in his pleasant quiet way, did his best to help us assimilate the details about heart diseases. A direct deviation from all this was chorus with Mr. Walsh which we looked forward to each Monday afternoon.





In the midst of this some of us began specialties. First came the D. K. The diabetic diets always were being changed and nothing was more confusing than the "LBRMF with 1 & 2", but the dieticians were so understanding! Remember instructing the clinic patients? I think we learned more than the patients did! Well, at least the D. K. was fairly easy—we should have been more cognizant of that fact, for next came the O. R.



Remember how amazed we were at the number of instruments used in a case? Scrubbing for 10 minutes with those stiff brushes didn't do much to enhance the beauty of our hands; and the pressure of memorizing the set up didn't enhance the serenity of our minds. Who, except Jane Mc Arthur didn't dread scrubbing for Dr. Strohl? Ethel Rang endeared herself to the cysto boys when she broke Dr. Baker's favorite "indispensable" syringe. Betty Allini still hears "Vere you goink, stupid?" in her dreams of Dr. de Takets. Remember working in FOR—we feared Miss Larson but grew to love her before we left gyne, and boy! we knew how instruments were supposed to be cleaned and how to "set up" for a case! We sighed with relief when we were assigned to Main 10 Broncho rather than scrub in MOR. Winding black silk was a quiet way to spend the afternoons but seemed too dull on those long Sundays.





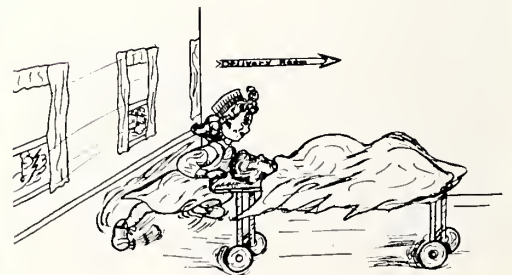




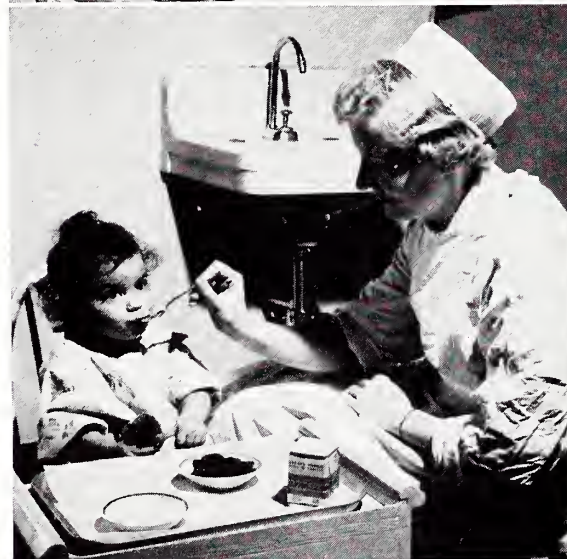
Somehow we survived the OR and found ourselves in OB for a l-o-n-g siege. It was long. Main 9 was our proving ground for preps and enemas and, sometimes, "for precipitates". "Where are the fetal heart tones?" The quick run for the interns and breathlessly waiting. "How far is she dilated?"—9cm? "Oh, my goodness!!" "Where's the stretcher?" "Call anesthesia! (whom you could never find)" "Call Dr. Beebe!" "Who gets to scrub? Connie again?" Miss Wellington remains in our memories as being breathless from her quick dashes between Sm. 5 and M-9. "You'd better check her again—you never can tell!" Even the hardest hearted among us experienced a feeling of awe each time we witnessed the miracle of birth.



Our month in the newborn nursery was usually a race to keep the mouths fed and the bottoms dry, but it was always fun. And, Oh, that night when daylight saving time changed back to CST—Bet those mothers are still trying to right the schedule!







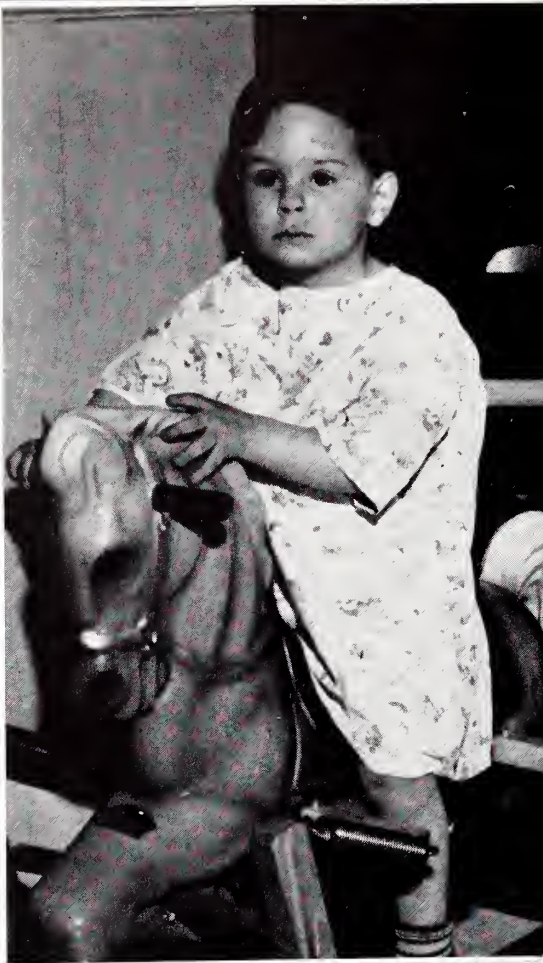
After the strict routine of OB, Peds was a relaxed surprise. Remember working nights in the nursery and asking "How many feeds", and how about precious little Jimmy and his almost constant plea, "Lady, Lady—I've gotta DoDo!"

How we dreaded the cleft palate repairs—"Do not allow the patient to cry!" We always hurried with the morning care and 9-10 A.M. feeds so that we could have our "Nourishment" each morning. The chocolate milk and orange juice didn't last long with the hungry class of '54. We laughed about being "playlady" but underneath our smirks, we enjoyed the loafing! Did anyone ever work as hard as Miss Moss on the busy days?!

Form-Lab with Mrs. Schrieber was another favorite spot. While the radio gave forth with good rhythm hundreds of bottles of formula were mixed, bottled and sterilized—then coffee time! How timidly we accepted the invitation to have coffee with the GRADS!





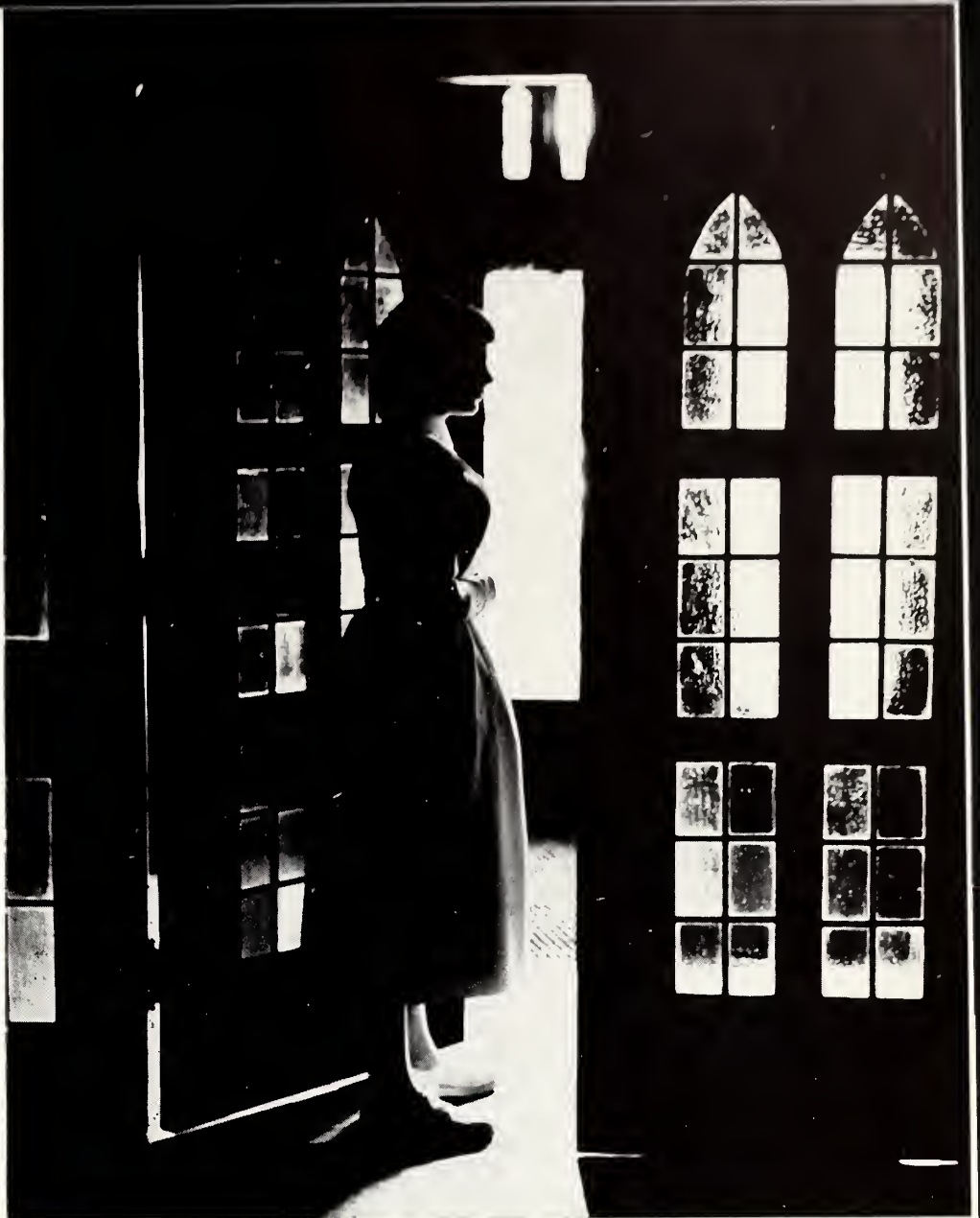


"In the Cross of Christ I
glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of
time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head
sublime.

When the woes of life
o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears
annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake
me;
Lo, it glows with peace and
joy.

When the sun of bliss is
beaming,
Light and love upon my way
From the Cross the radiance
streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and
pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no
measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide."



THE CROSS

With what reverence and wonder we carefully embroidered that first precious cross to our left sleeve. Emblem of our Junior year? Yes—and more,—oh, so much more!

How could we explain some of the miraculous happenings we had been witness to? The doctors were unable to explain—Our instructors could offer nothing—but most of them gave reference to a Higher Power.

"Oh fathomless abyss of God's rich bounty, of His wisdom, of His knowledge, Who can explore His decisions? Who can track out His paths?"

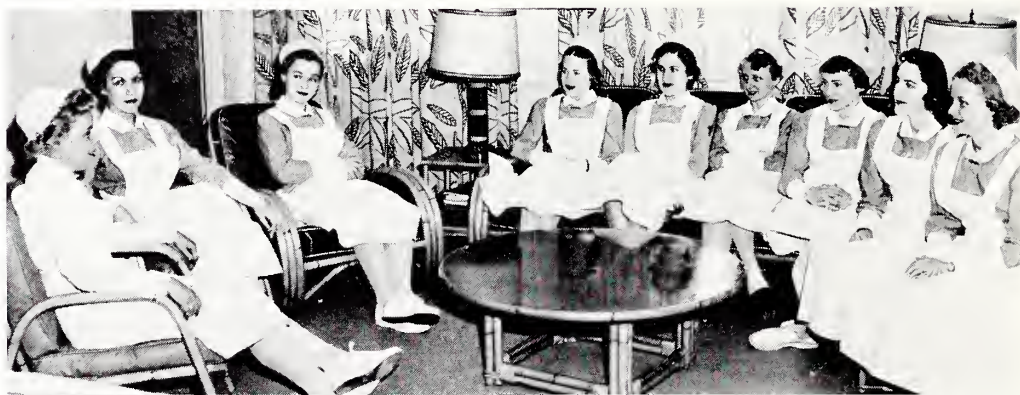
It is in humble recognition of this great Power that we wear the Cross.



We left Main 8 with mixed emotions and entered Smith 6 where we were afraid to admit we even had emotions. After the initial introduction to EST's, Insulin, and Smith 7, we were a little shaky. But by the second week, we were at ease in nearly all situations. Mrs. Henry and Miss Makowski were always on hand if we needed them but never made it obvious—for which we loved them.

Remember the hurry to see assignments—the keys,—“Who's got set 7?” “This is my 12th day in insulin!” “Senior duties again?” “Oh, boy, I get Smith 7—are the Sox on TV today?” Then Dr. Solomon's classes—the best and most interesting of all. Here was another specialty where we had morning nourishments—if this kept up, we'd soon be fat (or fatter). Nights in psych meant rounds each half hour—how we watched those dark quiet rooms!!







Cuffing brought with it the solemn realization that it would not be long until we graduated. We were Seniors now — our classes were nearly finished. Had we really done as well as we could have?

In Chapel, Father Travis touched on our responsibilities as Seniors. Many left the Chapel with a new sense of maturity.



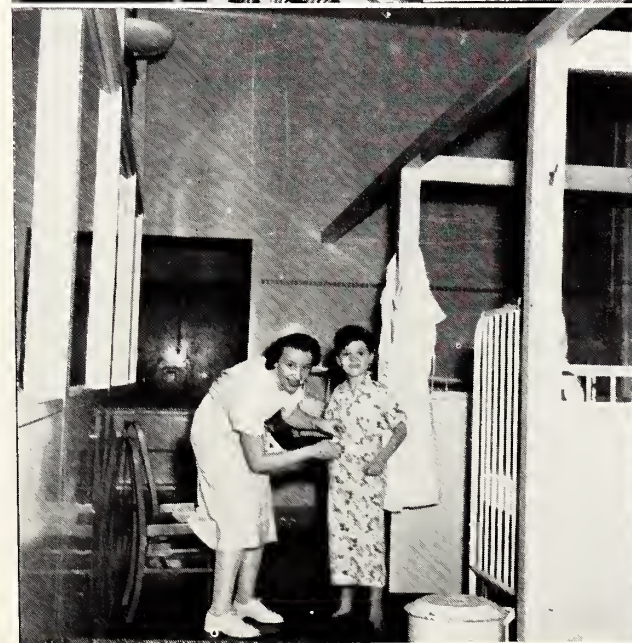
In Ryerson, Mrs. Bell had arranged a beautiful Tea and we temporarily laid aside the sobering thoughts to enjoy an evening with our family and friends.





Next in specialties came our affiliation at Contage-MCDH-"the building next to the prison", we explained to our family. Believe it or not, the food was worse than Luke's. Most of us survived our contact with the contagious diseases without ill effects except for Di-Overand who sprouted out with a beautiful crop of chicken pox. Dr. Spies took charge of her personally! While at Contage, we met girls from several other hospitals and had a chance to compare notes. We felt very proud and fortunate to be from St. Luke's!







Clinic was the "Banker's Position" of training. Sleep until 7:15 then go to work at 8, rest til 9 then introduce patients to the proper doctors until lunch time. The same thing was repeated in the afternoon and at 4 we were able to go off duty and socialize instead of immediately collapse and go to sleep!

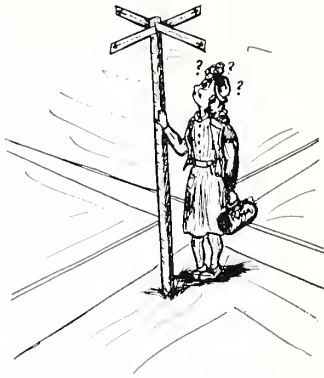
We were soon able to recognize an uncontrollable diabetic on sight- "(I don't eat many grits or potatoes)"—and after two weeks in OB-Gyne, we could almost tell at a glance "what month she was".

Pediatric clinic was vigorous, spontaneous and highly interesting. PPD's-Patch tests-Vaccinations, -Shots-Chicken Pox? Horrors! Quick Call contag! Get the rest of the kids out of there!

Screams, Shouts, Laughter-we loved it!!







And remember VNA with those smart looking coats and chic hats? The wonderful feeling when it was discovered that the good old staff teacher drove her car on the calls! The crossed eyes and wrinkled brow from pouring over city maps and a trusty old street guide. The worry about how all 13 kids in a family were going to sleep in one bed; The great day when you beat the supervisor to the first call by a three second margin!—Field trips to ICC, CWD, Ap Clinic and CB of H. The important feeling when you were on your own and opening your first new case. Doing dressings, giving hypos, bathing babies, all in the home. Those noon time reports and our car-fare and lunch money expense accounts.

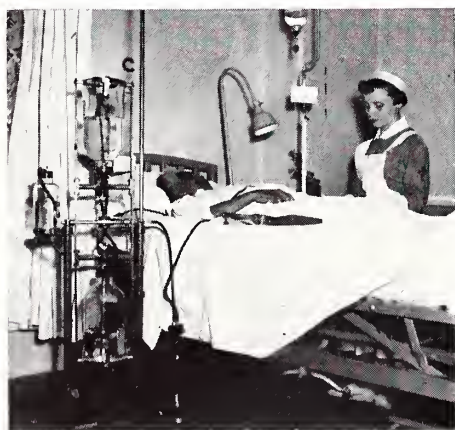
"Thanks for the memories"—Oh, my aching feet!





With the specialties behind us, we returned to general duty which was mostly shift and nights—usually charge duty. Lillian VanderHagen developed anopsia from working nocs so much. Did you ever work shift on Main 14? The charts with orders would pile up endlessly. Did you ever find a stat order three or four hours after it had been written? And how about getting a Narcotic order at 4 a.m.?? And Smith side—those long corridors. We sure ran our tails off there!









Just when things were most hectic, graduation came into sight—we had our pictures taken in borrowed whites, were fitted for our own whites, and began Senior Conferences with Miss Payne. Plans for the future were made—marriage, college, and positions were applied for—here or at other hospitals. Then came the week of Commencement activities, beginning with Baccalaureate services when we proudly wore our whites for the first time. That was the day of our Senior Breakfast. How nice it was to be served by the faculty. We all went to the banquet supper given by the Alumnae and were both proud and humble to see so many (400) graduates from earlier years gathered from across the nation. The night of graduation was perhaps our happiest; the hours of discouragement and the many times we had wanted to pack up and go home were forgotten as we went up the aisle to receive the coveted diploma and later to receive the warm wishes of our family and friends.







PHYLLIS BRUNING (Phyl)
"I've got a meeting!"

AUDREY CHARNESKI (Aud)
"It's only Jim"



BETTY FENNER DUIS (Fenner)
"Oh, you guys!"

NANCY GODDARD ECKLAND (Nan)
"I've got to take a bath!"

NELDA GRUENER (Bruno)
"Oh, he makes me so mad!"

ARDYTH HENSEL (Ardy)
"Tim and I -"

HELEN HOUT MARQUETTE (Hon-an)
"My Roomie"

LORRAINE KRATOCHVIL (Kratch)
"I'd like to, but I'm going home."



SOPHIE MAJDE (Soph)
 "What are you doing?"

MARGARET J. MITCHELL SMITH (Mitch)
 "A very dear friend"

KATIE MORITA (MooMoo)
 "It's just a friend."

KATHY NADOSY (Kathy)
 "Is that my buzzer?"



ELLEN PLANK (Plunkie)
 "You kids always pick on me."

MARLENE POLAN (Mar)
 "I'll be ready in a minute!"

FRANCIS SLEZAK SWINGHOLM (Franie)
 "I made him feel so good."

GERALDINE STEINEKE BRUESKE (Dixie)
 "Wed.—time for the POST"





SUE SYMES (Su-Su)
"I'm afraid to do that!"

TOH CHEEN TAN CHOW (Cheen)
"Phillip!"



BOBBIE TRONCIN SHIPMAN (Roomie)
"Tell him I'm not here."

RUTH WAHLSTROM (Ruthie)
"I've got too much to do."

BETTY L. ALFINI (Fini)
 "Pass another big orange!"

MARY L. BRECHBILL (Brech)
 "Promises, Promises, All I
 ever get are promises!"

HARRIET A. BUSH (H. B.)
 "Fourth for Bridge?"

LOIS G. CLARK (L.O.)
 "I'm beat!"



BETTIE L. CRUZAN (Cruzie)
 "I reckon"

DIANE E. DAMAI (Di)
 "Yeah?"

KATHERINE DEICHL (Kathy)
 "Who owes the candy box money?"

ELEANOR M. FILAK (Eli)
 "Oh, No!"





BETTY FREDRICKS (Fred)
"I'm going home"



CHARLOTTE M. GEE (Chuckie)
"and then there was the patient"

MYRNA J. GILLIAN (Butch)
"Hey you cats!"

MARJORIE J. GREENE (Marj)
"The weather's fine in Texas!"

CAROL L. HABLEY (Hob)
"It must be nice—"

NANCY L. HALL (Li' Nan)
"I'm not happy."

MARY K. HARPER (Trinka)
"Let's live it up!"

BETTY L. HERBERT (Betty)
"Fred's Coming"

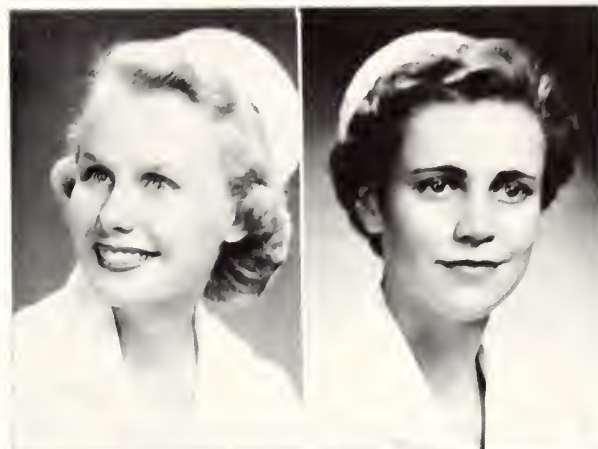


MARY L. JIBSON (Jib)
 "Wide eyed and bushy tailed"

LAURA M. LANDER (Laur)
 "Hours!!"

VIRGINIA S. MacDADE (Shelia)
 "I forgot the punch line!"

JANE A. McARTHUR (Janie)
 "Hey, you guys!"



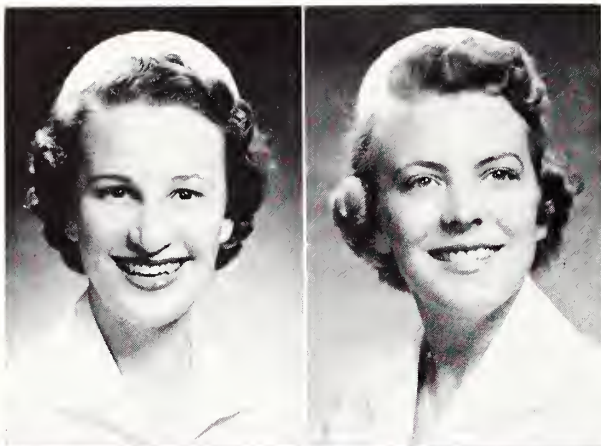
ZELMA A. McKIBBEN (Mac)
 "Little Tad"

LUCILLE McKINNEY (Lucy)
 "Set in, Rigor Mortis!"

PATRICIA A. MEANS (Pat)
 "Lets have a party!"

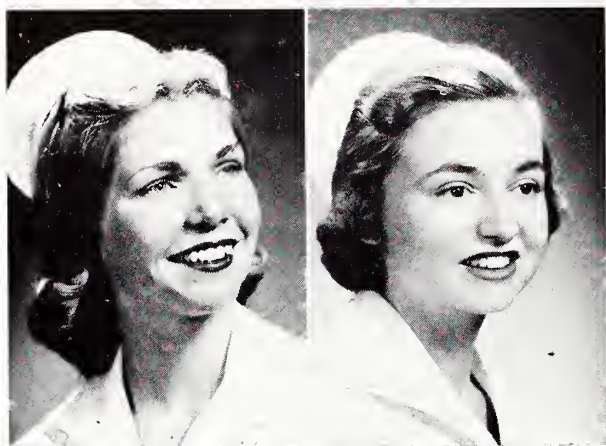
MARCLA MEYER (Brat)
 "Just on top the bangs!"





CONSTANCE M. MOORE (Connie)
"I need glucose!"

LAUREL J. MORTHORST (Laurel)
"Yes, but—"



MARY J. OLDENBURG (Mary)
"Oh, I don't know—"

DIANE OVERAND (Di)
"What the tweed?"

SARA J. PASTOOR (Sal)
"Hi, kids!"

SARAH J. PHILIP (Jane)
"Frankly—I don't give a darn."

KATHERINE E. PORTER (Kay)
"Really?!!!"

ETHEL H. RANG (Ethel)
"Just a minute!"



MARGARET A. RICHARDS (Magg)
"I love it here so much!"

NATALIE L. SCHLEH (Nat)
"Can I borrow??"

DONNA M. SMITH (Mamma Dae)
"Be Quiet!!"

MARIANNE E. SMITH (Marianne)
"Let's go to a show!!"

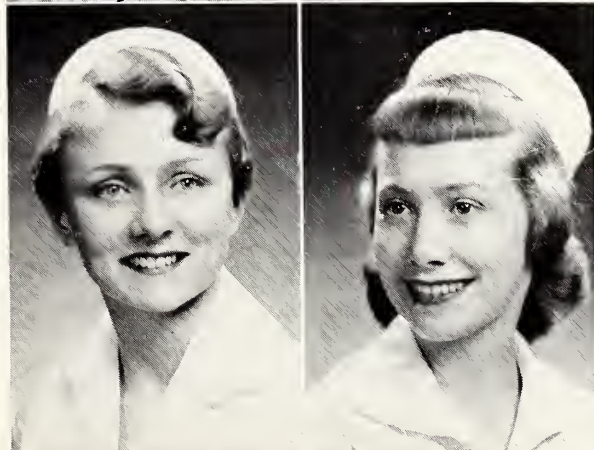
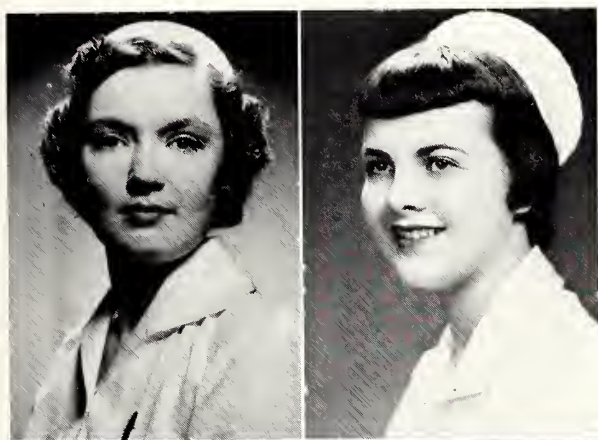


CAROL K. STARNER (Carol)
"Anyone for scrabble"

MARILYN D. TASCH (Marilyn)
"Wake me in the morning"

PARTICIA A. TISCHER (Pat)
"I'm not at all well."

LILLIAN L. VANDER HAGEN (Lil)
"Hey guys—wet my comb!!"





DEAN AURALEE VAN DYKE (Div)
"Ken's coming!!"

IRENE L. WEILER (Rene)
"I've got cats to kill."



JANET D. WELLS (Jan)
"Frazz!!"

DOLORES A. YOST (Toasty)
"No, stuff!!"



Now these three years are behind us! In the past of course, yet with the many experiences gained and the friendships made, they'll always be part of us. We'll reminisce about all the trying episodes, but will look back on them as the "good ole days"

Miss McConnell will always hold a very special place in our hearts. Her life has been a pattern which we will always strive to follow. We will remember the day she welcomed us, saying, "I have no children of my own, but you are all my daughters." To a group of lonely, homesick girls, this welcome had a wonderfully reassuring effect and everyone relaxed, feeling that perhaps we were "at home — away from home."

And remember Miss Moughton? We elected her as our class Sponsor shortly after our arrival and her wise council and guidance were called upon many times during "class crises". We were greatly disappointed when she had to leave to continue her studies but we are grateful for the constant friendliness and encouragement that she gave.

The popular "Miss Van" agreed to be our advisor during the remainder of our training. She has seen us through many rough spots—often showing more vigor than most of us.

We will remember the twinkle in her eye, her beautiful white hair and her lectures on "Wangensteen Suction."



C.G.A. gave us opportunities to "air our gripes" and the Rules and Regulations officers kept track of proctor marks and infractions. How we hated to find a Notice of Infraction in our box with the accompanying decrease in privileges!—but how embarrassing to be an officer and have to pass an infraction on yourself!

Afternoon Tea in Schweppe with Mrs. Bell serving was a delightful surprise to us as newcomers. It was so nice during a break in classes or coming off duty to relax in Ryerson with a cup of tea and a friend. Many who did not care for tea grew to like it simply because they did not want to miss the socializing!





Front:—S. Carroll, A. Cutinell,
J. Fleer, D. Noelte.

Back:—E. Filak, D. Reeners,
J. Hawkins



M. Vogel, B. Netherland, E.
Kanasa, C. Lofgren, G. Watkins

'55 As

Remember how eagerly we looked forward to the coming of the class after us? Even tho we were through the Probie Period now, we were still the "youngest of the family" and the arrival of the class of 55A was attended with all the curiosity and excitement given a new arrival in a family. We quickly became acquainted, proudly showed them around and tried to impress them with our vast (?) medical knowledge.

And what a wonderful group they were! Sal, Cutie and Dorothy were soon identified as the class "clowns" and Eli, Jean and Judy were found to be serious and sweet. Margie quickly became the girl with the most dates, Donna became known for her prose and poetry and Eleanor obligingly took things as they came. Genevieve and Barb were a couple of happy-go-lucky kids and Ginny and Carol were quick, active spontaneous souls that kept everyone guessing.



Back: E. Kuckenbecker, D. Busch, D. Gaare, E. Thomas, B. Boss, B. Mooney, M. Weingarten, M. Dobslaw.

Front: W. Foushee, D. Koons, B. Schierbecker.

'55 Bs

At the beginning of our Junior year, the class of '55B arrived but it took us a little longer to get to know them because they were such a large class. However, as they began working with us, we soon decided they were "a pretty swell bunch of kids."



H. Stefan, M. Gutierrez, V. Mishalow, N. Murray, M. Stark, M. Johnson.



Back, Standing: J. War-der, L. Eisner, M. Tanabe.

Back, Seated: B. Sund-berg, N. Lewis, P. Timm, K. Jerger.

Front Table: J. Hawley, J. Iray, E. Sweet, M. Wat-erman, B. Havens.

56 As

Seated: J. Weeks, L. Kraft,
H. Bland.

Standing: B. Meyer, M.
Carruthers, J. Hamer, J.
Reisch.



Seated: C. Hall, D. Barth,
A. Neubauer, D. Veinbergs.

Standing: M. Archambeau,
J. Jursinic, D. Seyfang, M.
Strobel.

The arrival of the 56A class brought with them a sharp realization of the time. My goodness! We were almost Seniors! Where had the time gone so fast?

This class as a whole had an appearance of poise and assurance along with the intimacy that marks a small class. As a large class we often wished we could have been as close as this class seemed to be.



'56 Bs

Then came THE class! The class of 56B — Our Little Sister Class! Weeks ahead of time, we were writing letters, anxiously awaiting answers, then excitedly discussing what little we knew about them. After what seemed ages, they finally arrived — looking very bewildered and a little overwhelmed. Those of us that could be there to greet them, tucked a little sister under each "wing" and very proudly went about the business of getting moved in and settled. We never worked that hard on duty but we loved it and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Now, they are working on the floors with us. Do you wonder why our chests expand several inches with each progressive step they take? They are our Little Sisters!!

Back: G. deBoer, M. Burr,
M. Hohlfelder, R. Haas, C. Zwick.

Front: J. Rougk, S. Sincox.

R to L: J. Kulasa, L. Runnion, E. Silber,
W. Rudkin, P. Bos, J. Lichtinger M. Pardus,
M. Ferguson, A. Lesniak, S. Melichar.



1st Row: T. Gelineau, M. Montella, L. Morgan, S. Wade, W. Roeth.

2nd: L. Turner, L. Hickle, L. Herman, P. Heindl, B. Schreiner, D. deBoer.



Seated: J. Borton, B. Bergevin, J. Plagge, B. Vestal, C. Knapp.

Standing: S. Paoli, W. Thoren, B. Shippy, J. Spreer, J. Jacobs.



On floor: M. Graf, C. Norstrom, L. Fortenbacher, G. Petersen, B. Peoples, C. Fuhrken.

Seated: D. Geiger, L. Hickle, S. Clark, J. Stauffer, L. Zenzulak, J. Gricunas.





L. Moorman, M. Wasilowski, H. Olin, B. Bareither, F. Henricks, L. Haas.



S. Stewart, M. Tasch, E. Fentress, C. Boonstra.



N. Tipton, M. Schlatter, S. Ehlert, L. Pick, M. Hunter, C. Huckel, J. Spillner, A. Hawley.

NEW FACES

In July 1953, Miss Edith Payne became our new Director of Nurses following Miss McConnell's retirement. The "Period of Transition" that took place is the result of Miss Payne's progressive ideas.

Miss Lenz and Miss Jones are also newcomers who have been very prominent this past year. Miss Lenz became the Assistant Director of Nursing when Miss Gilbert resigned; Miss Jones is the "Efficiency Expert" who figures out the "quickest, easiest way" of giving good patient care, saving the nurse extra steps and work. The "Team System" has been one result of her work.





Mrs. Ann Snyder Bargerhuff
Feb. 20, 1954



Mrs. Marjorie Green Pailleron
April 7, 1954



Mrs. Katherine Deichl Kielmann
July 4, 1953

VICTIMS

Although Cupid was busy in our midst from our Probie Period on, it wasn't until June, 1953 that one of our Misses became a Mrs.

Carol Darnsteadt started the trend and her example was quickly followed by eight others.

The beautiful blue lace class garter has adorned the leg of each bride so far and will be worn by all future brides of the class of which there will be plenty from the looks of the rocks the gals are flashing around!

We are proud of our beautiful brides and wish them and their husbands every blessing and happiness!



Mrs. Janet Wells Ward
June 12, 1954



Mrs. Dean Auralee VanDyke Krediet
December 22, 1953



Mrs. Carol Darnstedt Swartz
June 7, 1953



Mrs. Geraldene Steineke Brueske



Mrs. Laurel Morthorst Maul
April 24, 1954



Twice during our stay here, we had opportunities to participate in the gala Prom, held at the glamorous Conard Hilton's Tower-Room. For weeks we fretted about dates, dresses and time off-then had such a wonderful time, the evening did not last long enough.



Through all this time we have been very fortunate in having Miss Molbo as our Health Supervisor. She was much more than an advisor in matters of health tho. Think of how often we went to her with nothing more than a wounded ego and how she always managed to patch it up in her own inimitable way. No wonder we thought so much of her!

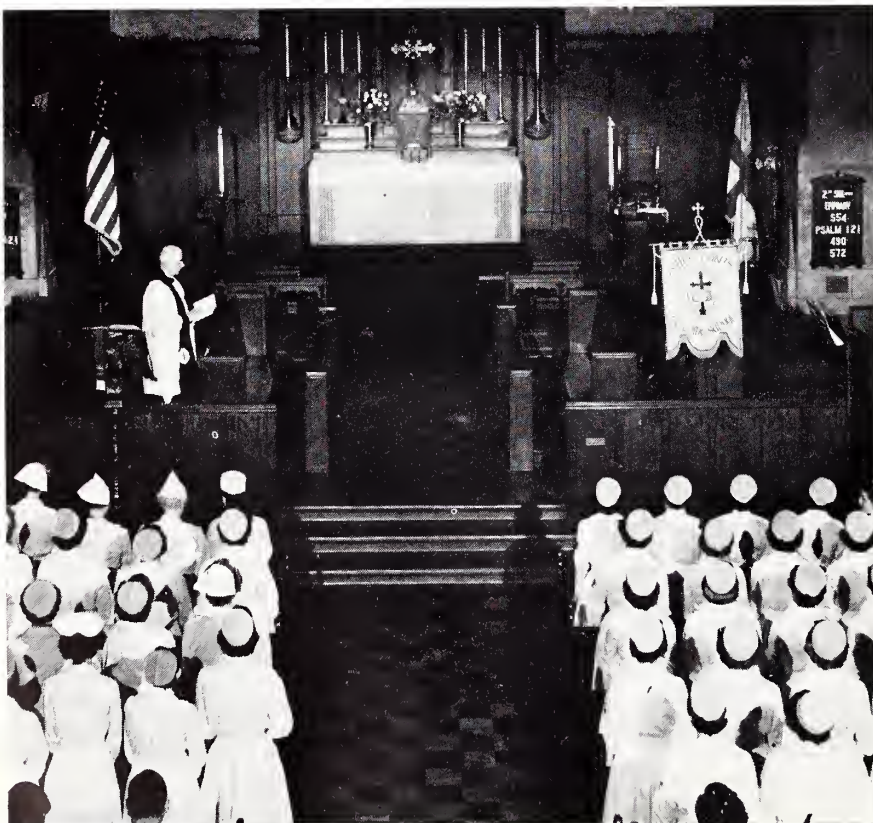
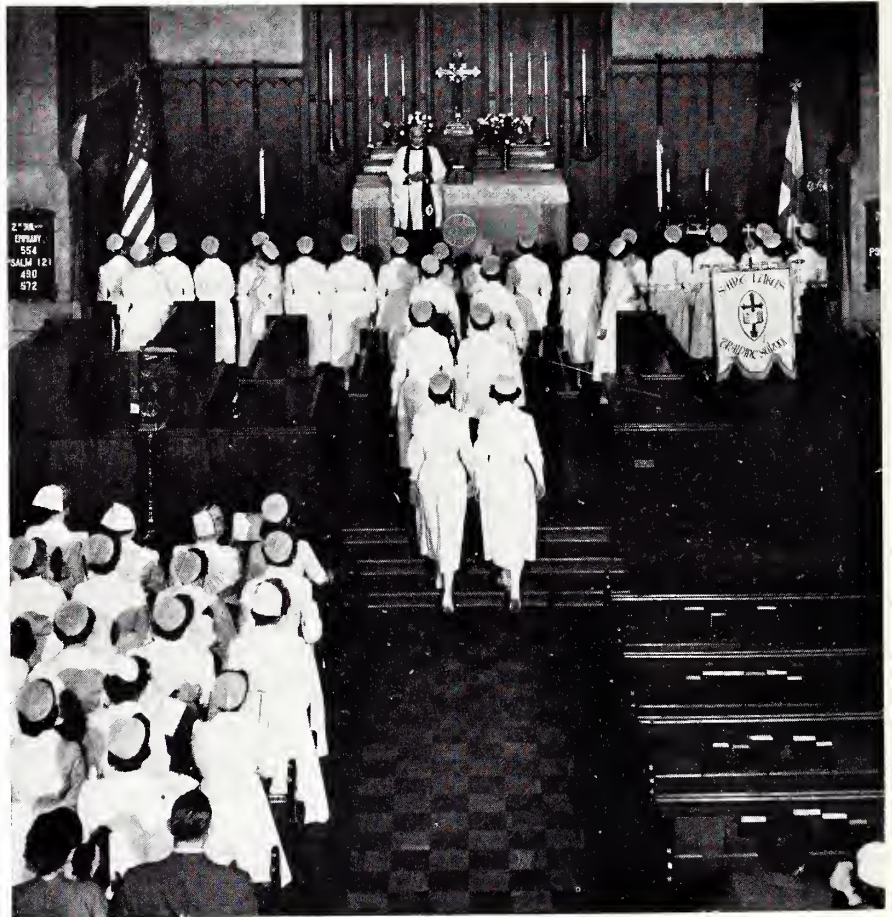
Before we left, there was a final Physical to go through and Dr. Burrows was the popular choice again. It would be hard to find anyone more sincerely interested in our welfare and we loved her for it.



Now—it is finally time for “Going Out.”

This is what we have looked forward to for so long.

At last we are graduates, proudly wearing the uniform, cap and pin of St. Luke's. Also — these are our last moments as a class. Strange—the bond between us as classmates has never been as strong as it is now, and as we look from one to another, we see the same mixture of sorrow and joy—and a struggle to keep back the tears. These are our last moments together and as we part, we know we shall remember one another with love. Each of our many experiences will be treasured in memory to be brought forth and savored many times in the future, but now we meet the future—and its bright challenge.





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 S. Mac Dade

Feature
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 L. Vander Hagen
 J. Wells
 D. Overand

Typists: N. Schleh
 B. Cruzan

HOME ADDRESSES

Class of '54A

Phyllis Bruning—Route No. 1—Wheaton, Illinois
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 Nelda Gruener—1500 Indiana Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
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 Nancy Goddard Eckland—11905 Normal Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
 Toh Cheen Tan Chow—20 A. Tiong Poh Road—Singapore, Malaya
 Francis Slezak Swingholm—17324 Walter Street—Lansing, Illinois
 Marlene Polan—1500 Indiana Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
 Ruth Wahlstrom—37 S. State Street—Sparta, Michigan
 Lorraine Kratochvil—1500 Indiana—Chicago, Illinois
 Geraldine Steineke Brueske—1200 Indiana Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
 Sue Symes—RFD No. 4—Washington, Pennsylvania
 Bobbie Troncin Shipman—3140 S. Michigan Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
 Kathy Nadosy—9701 S. Francisco—Evergreen Park, Illinois
 Margaret J. Mitchell Smith—1451 Central Avenue—Indianapolis, Indiana
 Ellen Plank—316 Forest Avenue—Oak Park, Illinois

Class of '54B

Betty Alfini—805 W. Main Street—St. Charles, Illinois
 Mary L. Brechbill—1142 Van Buren—Hammond, Indiana
 Harriett Bush—107 S. Edgwood, La Grange, Illinois
 Carolyn Carr—626 L. W. E. South Bend, Indiana
 Lois Clarke—346 S. Catherine Avenue—La Grange, Illinois
 Bettie Cruzan—110 West Houghton—Tuscola, Illinois
 Diane Damai—24 Detroit—South Calumet City, Illinois
 Katherine Deichl Keilmann—Oxford, Wisconsin

Eleanor Filak—7051 Wilbert Road—Lakewood, Ohio
 Betty Frederick—10223 May Street—Chicago, Illinois
 Charlotte Gee—9773 S. Prospect—Chicago, Illinois
 Myrna Gillian—224-157th Street—Calumet City, Illinois
 Marjorie Greene Pailleron—160 Calumet Avenue—Aurora, Illinois
 Carol Habley—3111 Madison Street—Brookfield, Illinois
 Nancy Hall—1228 S. Jackson—Green Bay, Wisconsin
 Mary Harper—820 Lakeshore—Culver, Indiana
 Betty Herbert—428 S. La Grange Road—La Grange, Illinois
 Mary L. Jibson—199 Houston Avenue—Muskegon, Michigan
 Laura Lander—RFD—Damens, Illinois
 Virginia Lang Larson—414 Fairlawn Drive—Urbana, Illinois
 Shelia MacDade—5931 Fifth Avenue—Kenosha, Wisconsin
 Jane McArthur—4716 Pensacola—Chicago, Illinois
 Zelma McKibben—Coral Gables, Florida
 Lucille McKinney—2523 Capitol Avenue—Des Moines, Iowa
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 Constance Moore—544 N. Harvard Avenue—Elmhurst, Illinois
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 Sara Pastoor—1836 Lake Shore Drive—Muskegon, Michigan
 Jane Philip—1500 Indiana—Chicago, Illinois
 Katherine Porter—Gibson City, Illinois
 Ethel Rang—243 N. Hebbard Street—Joliet, Illinois
 Margaret Richards—456 Florence Street—Joliet, Illinois
 Donna Smith—209 S. Fourth Street—DeKalb, Illinois
 Marianne Smith—203 E. 12th Street—Georgetown, Illinois
 Ann Snyder Bargerhuff—2324 N. Sheffield Street—Chicago, Illinois
 Carol Starner—1500 Indiana Avenue—Chicago, Illinois
 Marilyn Tasch—336 S. Main Street—Culver, Indiana
 Patricia Tischer—1213 Lawe Street—Green Bay, Wisconsin
 Lillian VanderHagen—309½ S. Third Street—St. Charles, Illinois
 Dean Auralee Van Dyke Krediet—735 W. 73rd Street—Chicago, Illinois
 Irene Weiler—427 W. 7th St.—Webster, South Dakota
 Janet Wells Ward—RR No. 2—Vandalia, Illinois
 Dolores Yost—118 N. Indiana—Goshen, Indiana

CLASS WILLS

- I, Marcia Meyer, will my nickname of "Brat" back to a certain doctor who gave it to me.
- I, Pat Means, will my hidden treasures to anyone who can find the chest!
- I, Connie Moore will my ability to squirt ink to that certain white clad individual with hairy arms.
- I, Mary Oldenburg, will my "Miss Carriage" to Dr. Beebe.
- I, Ethel Rang, will my ability to drop "antique" syringes to Dr. Baker's scrub nurse in Cysto.
- I, Nancy Hall, will my erector set to some poor probie on M-11.
- I, Irene Weiler, will my lamp to anyone who can kindle it.
- I, Kathy Diechl, will my ability for weekends off to see my husband to other poor brides.
- I, Harriet Bush, will my ability to flood M-12 to the next Senior charge nurse.
- I, Chuckie Gee, will my midnight phone call to Mr. Kelly to the next mosquito bitten Noc Nurse.
- I, Butch Gillian, will my ability to take patients to the O.R. without using the elevator to anyone who can figure this out.
- I, Bettie Cruzan, will my ability to get the correct baby to the right mother at "all times" to the babies. (I think they could do a better job.)
- We, Sally Pastoor and Mary Lou Jibson, will our vocal cords to Dr. Holinger, who should have removed them long ago! (Henceforth—"Burp"!)
- I, Natalje Schleh, will my "hair nets" to the student uniform committee to be used at their discretion.
- I, Lucille McKinney, will my cap making ability to the modern machine age.
- I, Lois Clarke, will my extra curricular activities to "Believe It or Not."
- I, Jane McArthur, will my giggle to Nancy Tipton.
- I, Div Van Dyke, will my promptness to the probies.
- I, Marge Greene, will my iron safe to anyone with good intentions—and money.
- I, Sheila MacDade, will my joke-telling skills to Dr. Morgan.
- I, Carol Habley, will my gray hair to the unsuspecting probies.
- I, Mary Lou Brechbill, will my ability to go to Senior Cuffling without a blue cross on my uniform to any Junior who thinks she can get away with it.
- I, Zelma McKibben, will my ability to portray Casey at the bat to any student who thinks she can strike out as well.
- I, Betty Herbert, will my neat room and closet to Mary Stark.
- I, Lillian Vander Hagen, will my trusty clothespin to Dagmar.
- I, Janet Wells, will my ability to have emesis in all public places to anyone so afflicted.
- I, Marge Richards, will the beverage on my wall to any soul strong enough to suck it off.
- I, Ann Synder, will my fondness (?) for OB to Sally Carroll.
- I, Betty Alfini, will my bottle of Roux Shampoo to anyone who wants black hair.
- I, Carol Starner, will my diving lessons to anyone who can afford them.
- I, Marilyn Tasch, do bequeath my Pediatric Case study to anyone who can finish it. I won't have enough time.
- I, Eleanor Filak, will my ice skates to anyone who can find some deep hard ice.
- I, Carolyn Carr, will my bottle of peroxide to Joyce Iray.
- I, Trinko Harper, will my great tact and well chosen vocabulary to Lois Pick.
- We, Jane Philip and Virginia Lang, will our "beauty bonnets", paper bows and dancing shoes to any other nite owls capable of dancing "Bloody Mary" in the hall way at 3 A.M.
- I, Laura Lander, will my yellow eye balls to M13.
- I, Di Overand, will my desk chair to anyone afflicted with opisthotonos.

Legation
Guy
18
1881
1881